

2-1-1925

# Palestra 1925-02-01

Editors of The Palestra

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.seattleu.edu/palestra>

---

## Recommended Citation

Editors of The Palestra, "Palestra 1925-02-01" (1925). *Palestra*. 22.  
<http://scholarworks.seattleu.edu/palestra/22>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks @ SeattleU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Palestra by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks @ SeattleU.

## VARSITY HIES TO PORTLAND TOWN

Tom Duffy's Diary of the Trip  
Thereto

Manager Stuntz, controller of the athletic activities of our dear school, decided after due consultation with other managers that the annual trip to Portland would occur on February 13th. It so happened that said February 13th was a Friday and first of the three Friday the 13ths in this year. Friday the 13th is considered an omen of poor luck and the Irish, together with other nationalities, regard this particular day with superstition to a certain degree. Now the college team for the greater part (the lesser part being composed of Stuntz, nationality unknown, and Hein of Turkish blood) is Irish and to have to travel some distance and engage in combat with an arch-rival and win seemed to be quite a task to perform, and how that task was performed has been assigned to another writer in this issue. My assignment is to let you know what happened since we left, leaving out the actual playing of the games.

February 13, 1925, started out as all our Charmed Land morns do (not dew) and the various lads assembled at Pioneer Square to leave at 7:30 a. m. per Manager Stuntz's orders. Capt. Doyle led the team by leaving at 8 o'clock astride the radiator and the other two machines awaited Mr. Dunne's arrival. While in this condition, i. e., waiting for Mr. Dunne, a certain officer of the law—Mr. Worthington by name (remember well) came up and placed Mr. Bernard Scholtes, one of the genial drivers, under arrest. The charge was that he was "one of the boys" running wild-cat stages between here and Portland and that he had been advertising in the papers for passengers. Bernie, of course, put on his cool, innocent look and this so touched the inner recesses of the cop that he took his hand off of Bernie's new coat and slowly walked away after admonishing him to be sure and always carry his own driver's license and not his sister's.

By this time Mr. Dunne arrived in Pat Heney's car and the hour being 8:30 a. m. we lifted anchor and away for Oregon. Nothing of importance occurred between Seattle and Olympia, where we stopped to stretch and see a smash-up. Leaving Olympia we continued southward and several times Pat became so engrossed with the beautiful sights on either side of the road that we made new roads of our own. Mr. Dunne could hardly be-

(Continued on page 2.)

## INTERCLASS CONTEST TO START: LIBRARY NEEDS MORE BOOKS: SHELVES MUST BE FILLED.

Another room, long needed, has been placed at the disposal of the College Library, and in the new room will be placed several tiers of shelves. The library needs new books, and plenty of them to fill the shelves; therefore this appeal. In every home there are numerous books which are never used, books which would be invaluable in a library, good boys' stories, encyclopedias, sets of history, science, poetry, general literature, biography, etc.—we ask for these.

Help the school by helping us build the library. We should have at least five or six thousand books. Therefore, fellows, bring the books you



BERNARD SCHOLTES

### Bernard Scholtes Honored by K. of C.

Once again a Seattle College student has been highly honored. Bernard Scholtes is the man. Bernard, a member of the Junior class, has been selected to the fourth degree of the Knights of Columbus and was initiated on Washington's birthday.

On February 8th last four more members of the College were Knighted and received the first three degrees. They were Harvey Coolen, Anthony Zorick, Earl Doyle, basketball captain, and Archie Richardson. There are now about a dozen members of the Catholic order that are registered as students at the College.

have around the home. They will be of great value to the school though they may be useless to you.

A good and large library will mean much to the school. It will mean more copies of books in demand, and consequently more convenience to the students in filling out the requirements of their book reports, and in reading the books they should read. A well-read person is invariably capable, at least in his own field, and it is the aim of the library to make it possible for all the students of the College to be well read, if they so desire.

Therefore, again, students, we ask your help. Bring us books. Also watch the bulletin board for announcements concerning the inter-class contest to start March 2. Prizes will be offered and hints will be given as to what the library especially requires. Get behind this effort of the student body to improve the school, and do your bit by bringing what you can. A list of donors will be published in next month's Palestra. But bring books—books of every kind, on every subject. Leave it to those who control the library to decide on their usefulness.

## VARSITY TO MEET MT. ANGEL, MARCH 7

The College Varsity will play Mt. Angel College in a return game at the K. of C. gym on March 7. This will end the basketball season, and a capacity crowd is expected to witness the contest.

Mt. Angel last year was the nonconference champion of Oregon, and have an outfit this season of equal strength. As usual, the Juniors and the Midgets will play preliminaries with teams as yet not selected.

Don't forget the date, Saturday, March 7; the time, 8:15, and the place, K. of C. gym.

## College Drops Another to Columbia

Varsity Loses Out in Rose City

The Panthers had the first leg of their Oregon road trip badly scratched when Columbia gave them the worst beating that the Rose City team has ever administered us.

The first half was an exhibition of real basketball and was a repetition of the never-to-be-forgotten classic in Seattle, but the second half was proof conclusive that teams that won't train can't win basketball games.

Both coaches crossed the boys up by starting different lineups. Hodges started in place of Sweeney for Columbia, and Carmody took the floor in Glenn's position for Seattle.

Columbia jumped to a four-point lead when Hodges and Murphy dropped in two baskets in rapid succession, but Duffy and Doyle on a pair of spectacular long shots quickly knotted up the score. Things zigzagged back and forth, first one team having the advantage, then the other and with only a minute of the half left and Columbia leading 13-15. Glen and Duffy took the ball down the floor by a bit of excellent passing and Duffy caged the tying point.

After the first five minutes of the second half there was no doubt as to the final outcome of the game. The Columbians simply ran away from the worn-out Panthers. The happy-go-lucky Sweeney caged two in a row and that started the whole barrage. Two baskets from the supple wrists of Captain Murphy; the deadly eye of Vaughn accounted for three more, and the rest of the Portlanders threw in their share. Meanwhile the best the College could gather during this onslaught was a measly six points, but the old Panther spirit suddenly sprang to life and for a few minutes the game became interesting. But a converted foul by the diminutive Carmody and two accurate shots under the careful guidance of McKay were the best the Collegians could offer, and the game ended as Eight-Ball Hein scored his first varsity point.

To pick the star of this game would be easy, even for a blind man. Omar O'Connor, the laboring guard stood head and shoulders above everyone on the floor. He is not possessed of abnormally long arms, but many a spectator and Columbian will testify that no one ever used those arms to better advantage. It was by far the best exhibition that this veteran of the oakwood has ever turned in, and Ed has put up some pretty mean

(Continued on page 2.)



## Columbia Wallops Collegians

(Continued from page 1.)

games during his brilliant career at Alma Mater. If the reader does not think the above-named gentleman is possessor of the ordinary amount of nerve, hearken unto me. Before the game started he had a terrific toothache, and then on top of that he took sick, yet as I have already gladly testified, he shone with all the brilliance of the noon-day sun.

Prospect for future teams at Seattle College were greatly heightened by the excellent showing of Hein and Dad Carmody, particularly the latter. This little fellow was all over the floor at once, breaking up passes and spoiling shots. Just wait until he adds a few inches to his height, and then, opponents, WATCH OUT!

### Lineups:

Columbia	Seattle
Vaughn -----F-----	A. Duffy
Quirk -----F-----	Carmody
Hodges -----C-----	Doyle
Murphy -----G-----	McKay
Logan -----G-----	O'Connor
Sweeney -----S-----	Hein
	S.----- Glenn
	S.----- McLoughlin

Now that St. Patrick's Day is approaching on the wings of spring budding actors a-beginning to burst into bloom, most of the various parishes of the city stage some sort of entertainment on Erin's day and as usual Seattle College thespians are well represented.

John Courtney, the dean of College actors, will be seen in the Anadel Club production; Tom Glenn will show his talent as a producer for the Y. L. I. and the Third Hi-A minstrel troupe will show their wares at St. Margaret's. Howard Le Clair and Henry Ivers will take leading parts in The Alexis Club attraction that will be staged after the Lenten season.

## New Class Formed for Ambitious Students

Within the past two weeks a new class has been added to those already functioning at the college. Namely, penmanship, under forced conditions for those who have a craving to devote more than the required time to the pursuit of their studies.

Every day at three o'clock we are able to find a gathering so select that it hardly numbers twenty, presided over by Father Busch. The meeting is called to order and each member is appointed as a committee of one to write on some particular part of the history.

So engrossed are the students in their work that hardly a sound is to be heard through the room. This goes on until one by one the members of this austere clan rise from their seats and tip-toe reluctantly to the door, where they pass from the view of those within. At four-thirty the chairman taps the desk with his gavel and announces that it is time for the meeting to adjourn. Then is sorrow to be seen on the countenances of all, for they are to be separated from their treasured tasks until the next day, when they shall again be allowed within the haven of rest.

Needless to say it is the aim of everyone to be admitted to this select society, but hampered as the faculty is by the insufficient space they are unable to accommodate everyone. However, Father Busch promises that soon the accommodations will be such as to easily and comfortably satisfy a large number of aspirants.

## Varsity Travels To Portland

(Continued from page 1.)

lieve that we had such pretty sights in this northern country and continually kept talking about California much to "Dad" Carmody's disgust.

Arriving in Longview we went directly to the Monticello Hotel where we washed up and awaited with impatience our fellow travelers. After waiting a reasonable length of time we sat down to eat and then the "gang" started trooping in. A very fine "whitefish" dinner was served (ask John Murphy) and after supplying ourselves with souvenirs we took our cars and continued on our way. Two of the machines had frequent visits with state highway men but after talking fast they saved their moneys.

After paying 45 cents to enter Oregon we crossed the toll bridge and in 20 minutes were at the entrance to Columbia. Having about 1½ hours' rest before eating again we were assigned rooms and then engaged in shooting pool or bowling as the taste of the fellows differed. Whilst in the midst of those recreative sports, Messrs. Van and Jimmie Christoph, Bob Gorman, Beezer and Egan came upon the scene and thus swelled our

(Continued on page 6.)

## Columbia Coach Goes to Gonzaga

### Notre Dame Star Lost to Portlanders

"Clipper" Smith, well known to Seattle College athletic fans as athletic director at Columbia, has been promoted to a similar post at Gonzaga. Smith will go to our sister college in Spokane with the best wishes of everyone at Seattle College.

Maurice Francis Joseph Smith was, during his four years at Notre Dame, one of the best athletes ever to play under the Blue of the South Bend institution. He was a member of the football squad during '17, '18, '19 and '20, a running guard on the basketball team, a member of the track team and a pitcher and outfielder on the baseball outfit. Under a man such as he Gonzaga is sure to go to the top rank in athletic affairs. Seattle football fans will remember for a long time Smith's smooth working machine which played against the College last Thanksgiving Day.

Smith's teams have been seen in Seattle on numerous other occasions and everyone has been impressed by the clever, fast and heady players that he has developed. Murphy and Logan are a pair of athletes that have been pupils of Smith's for the last three years and they surely show the result of his teachings. Gonzaga is united behind the new coach and let other colleges watch out. We're with you, "Clipper," to the last ditch; may your years at Gonzaga be many and successful.

## Interclass Basketball Run on New System

Silver Cup to Be Given to Winners

Something new in the way of interclass basketball tournaments will run off this week. In former years elimination was the order of the day, but this year, under the direction of Mr. O'Neil, S. J., two tournaments will be held on a percentage basis with the High School department in one section and the College in another. And to top it all, a silver cup will be given to the winning classes in each division. These prizes will be perpetual and the classes will have their names engraved on them.

Interest is running high and some good games are sure to be the result. The Sophomores will have, it seems from present dope, the strongest team in the college section, and third A and third B fast outfits in the lower section. Players of any team in the school will be eligible and several varsity players will strengthen the Freshman and Sophomore squads.

The cups have been donated by Piper & Taft and will add class to the tournament and also give the teams something to play for, besides the mere honor—or perhaps a piece of cake and a glass of milk. The referees will be Granville Egan and

Edmund O'Connor, and with such high-grade men in charge the play-off is assured of success.

Last season a veteran team of Fourth Hi won the championship, with the help of Ferrandini and Louis Stelte. This year greater things are expected and it is hoped will usher in a new era in interclass basketball.

## Manning's Funeral Parlors

11th & EAST OLIVE EAST 7484

## A-1 DYE WORKS

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing  
Call and Deliver

1005 Miller St. Cap. 2217

Have Your Hair Cut by  
Ed and Roy

at the

## Auto Barber Shop

1529 BROADWAY  
All Styles of Ladies Hair Bobbing  
E. A. Barthell, Proprietor

## Barber Shop

2406½ 10th Ave. N.

FIRST CLASS WORK

## BROADWAY HIGH SHINING PARLORS

And Hat Cleaning Shop

819 East Pine East 4968

## East Mercer Pharmacy

M. Peres Dix, Prop  
15th N. and E. Mercer  
Phone East 9636 Seattle

Compliments

of

## Fortune Transfer Co.

Meet all the boys at

## GEIL'S PHARMACY

18th and Union East 0566

## Harry's Barber Shop

Open Till 8 P. M. Every Night

431 FIFTEENTH NORTH

The Best Coffee  
At 40c a Lb.

## HUGHES

"The Coffee Man"

703 Pine St. ELL. 0592

"The Pick of the Far East"

## GERMINAL MANILA CIGARS

Awarded "Grand Prize" St. Louis  
Exposition 1904

Two Brands:

'Germinal' 'Los Angeles'

Strictly Hand Made  
Long Filler—Mild and Fragrant  
The Los Angeles "Regal" Size is  
the "Cigar that Makes the Nickel  
Worth a Bit"

The most popular and one of the  
biggest selling Manila Cigars on  
the Pacific Coast

For Sale Everywhere

## WOOLLEY & CO., Inc.

U. S. Agents and Importers  
1113 Third Avenue Seattle



## Juniors Break Even In Hoop Sport

Seven games in twenty-one days, which, with or without mathematical precision, equals three games a week, proved a little too strenuous for the Juniors, and they fell into a bad slump, which casts a slight shadow on all the fine play they exhibited up to that time. Ragged teamplay and a peculiar inability to score first showed in the Ballard Sophomore game, after the Juniors had just captured in beautiful fashion two previous contests from equally formidable opponents. The next three games showed easily that the Juniors were not themselves, and twice they were vanquished by teams whose equal they had easily beaten on other occasions.

The young collegians' first game played in Tacoma against St. Leo's resulted in a 15-6 victory for the Seattle wayfarers, and was a splendid battle, much closer than the score indicates. St. Leo's fought hard to retaliate for her first defeat in the Queen City, but the Juniors upset tradition and handed their arch-rivals a second defeat. The Tacomans sprang into a 4-2 lead, but with the exception of a single basket in the second half, never even saw the net again. On the other hand, Cain, Booth and Montgomery rang baskets regularly. "Tuffy" Brown, for St. Leo's, and Booth and Beezer played a particularly aggressive game throughout.

The following Thursday the Garfield Sophomores fell before the Juniors in the East Side gym, 13-8. The game was the College's throughout, and were it not for some bad shooting, it would have been captured by a far larger score.

The Juniors' first spanking in the Sophomore league was administered by the Ballard team. Although Ballard displayed more power than other league teams, the Juniors were considerably handicapped and ordinarily should have made a much better showing. Omitting explanations, it is sufficient to say that the Blue and White athletes, with the exception of Booth, were held scoreless by the fine checking of the Beaver five, while they all displayed a real offensive threat.

And now the gallant Juniors falter! The St. Anne's class "C" church league aggregation tumbled the Juniors 17-16 in an exciting preliminary to the Columbia-S. C. varsity game.

To say that it was an upset is putting it mildly, but St. Anne's were the equal of the Juniors that night. A last minute foul shot decided the fray after the score had swayed back and forth throughout. Kelez and Roquet starred for the victors.

So, also, was the tilt with the Georgetown Boys' Club an upset, and another close defeat 16-10 resulted. The usual long shots of the Southenders won for them. The game was close all the way, being 5 all at half and tied until the closing moments of the contest.

The "U" Christian Church league team, with a record of 10 out of 12 starts, could not cope with the Ju-

## Midgets Setting Fast Pace

If victories are to mean anything, then these "midget" hoop artists of the Seattle College seem destined to roll up the best record of any of the teams. Since Mr. Gaffney, S. J., has tossed his sombrero into the managerial ring the Midgets have annexed six more straight victories, so that with the season over half finished and the youthful cage players improving steadily in every game, it would seem that little difficulty is going to ensue in pursuing this objective.

These six teams are Ballard Playfield 110-pounders, Orillia 110-pounders, Collins Playfield 110-pounders, the Lincoln freshmen, Young Men's Hebrew Club and Georgetown Freshmen.

The first engagement at Ballard Playfield resulted in an easy 21-10 victory for the Midgets. Bob Lord played the best game for the winners, fighting aggressively and sharing scoring honors with Hoban.

The next contest, with the Briscoe Orphans at Orillia, proved to be the Midgets' hardest game, but a strong rally in the last quarter, when Evoy, Lord and Hoban rang in three shots in quick succession, broke a tie, and won for the Midgets. The final score, 16-9.

The 110-pound Collins Playfield team, ambitious and eager for victory, battled gamely at the K. C. gym, but lost before the superior shooting and floor work of the Midgets, 25-11. Lord, Evoy, Hoban and Naud all scored several times. The fighting Shapiro brothers and Bitteman led the Collins attack.

The Lincoln freshmen met the same fate as its predecessors, losing 30-10 in the North-end gym. In this (Friday 13th) fracas, Johnny Naud laughed at fate and caged 13 points for high honors. Bob Lord and energetic Harry Jahn performed at guard in fine fashion, holding the opposition to 4 points during their 3 quarters in the game.

A game played with the Young Men's Hebrew Literary club was an easy setup, the Midgets easily outplaying their larger but poorer opponents for a 27-3 win.

The last tilt was another easy walkaway for the Midgets. This time the Georgetown freshmen were the victims in a 32-4 outcome. Practically everyone on the Midget squad scored, but Al Hurley and Perd Kerns shared the lion's portion of points.

niors and were soundly trounced, 57-13. Montgomery caged 24 points for high honors.

The tilt with the Lincoln Sophomores was the Juniors' hardest, the official score after two minutes extra playing time being 11-9. The Juniors led nearly all the way and had a 2-point lead at the end of the game, and for 1½ minutes afterwards.

## NEWS NOTES

A few of the College students followed the basketball squad on their southern trip and witnessed Alma Mater's two defeats. Three boys with the wanderlust got in bad with the faculty on account of their travels and now are holding daily sessions in the jug room.

\* \* \*

Fresh sugar-coated doughnuts every day is the latest food novelty added to the Co-op store's list of edibles. We'll see you down there at noon.

\* \* \*

The high school boys are rushing the baseball season as the custom has been and always will be. With some holding session on the indoor diamond and others tossing baseballs back and forth, it looks like the warm days of spring are in the offing.

\* \* \*

Where are all the rubber slickers that the boys used to wear to school? It seems that another fad has spent its force and followed its predecessors into the discard of oblivion.

\* \* \*

What has become of the old-fashioned handball tournaments that used to be the rage in the days gone by? We hope to see one started as soon as the basketball season is over.

\* \* \*

The College students were given warning during the past week that any tardiness in attendance, or missing of classes will have to be made up during the current year. The students are urged to take the warning seriously as lack of attention to it may bring dire consequences.

\* \* \*

Next in order after the inter-class basketball is the inter-class track meet. The track test is as yet in the offing, but all speed demons should begin to plan and train for the last big athletic event of the year.

\* \* \*

Those students who have not enough spirit to attend the games are cutting their own throats by their inaction. If the students show a lack of interest then they can never expect a gym or any other new building.

\* \* \*

Loyola College, the Jesuit institution of Los Angeles, has just erected a new gymnasium.

\* \* \*

Father Garrigan has again been appointed assistant pastor at St. Joseph's.

\* \* \*

The Mothers' Club is in charge of the Anadel Club play on Sunday evening, March 15, at the Holy Names Auditorium. Buy your tickets from the class presidents. It is a worthy cause; support it.

\* \* \*

Nearly every student of the high school department is a member of some basketball team. Future varsity material in abundance.

## Cheney Normal Outclasses College

It was rumored about by word of mouth (indebted to Omar for the pretty quotation), that the boys from our school and the boys from Cheney Normal school were going to get together in a little basketball party in the K. C. gymnasium. Being the most beautiful and accomplished society reporter for this elevating journal, I was told by the chief (that's Monahan) to go down and get the news of the party. Just as I was leaving the chief's office he discovered that it was to be a basketball game and not a party, so I was called back. A much inferior person was sent in my place so you will have to blame the rest of this article on him.

On the afternoon of College Night, Seattle College was included in Cheney Normal's victorious itinerary of this section. And as the poet is wont to say, "therein lies a tale." If you know said tale you are wasting your time reading this article, and if you don't know it you won't be any the wiser after you get through. Having relieved my thorax of that subjugating attachment, it now behooves me to go on with the tale.

The score of the above game was, the two rooters found out, 55 to 30 in favor of the group of red-shirted giants who "perspire" to be teachers. If those babies are only school teachers, the writer would dearly love to see the size of the men that do the heavy work.

However, be that as it may, for the first half it was as pretty a game as either one of the rooters could wish to see. Things started off very slowly, and if a premium was placed upon action for the first five minutes, why neither one of the teams would win enough to trade for a cigar coupon. Howsoever, the visitors began adjusting their sights and in a short while the score was mounting upward. The rollicking Collegians—they certainly weren't Panthers—began emulating the excellent example set them by their pedagogical opponents, and in a short while bid fair to surpass even their teachers.

But, as Nero would say, this was not to be. Discretion got the better part of their valor, for as the second half started, it was plain to be seen that the Normals were ab-, while the College were sub-.

We might offer a lot of alibis for the team. We might point to Tom Duffy's bad leg. We might remind you that the team was unable to turn out for a whole week previous to the game. We might say that Cheney Normal were beaten by W. S. C. by a mere two points, and so on ad infinitum. But we won't. We'll confine ourselves to the declaration that it was the best thing that could possibly happen to the team. They took their beating and knew the real cause of it, and being intelligent, they're going to stick to the knitting and let the other fellow take the beating for a while. All of which is, as you know, conducive to winning games.



# The Palestra

A Monthly Devoted to the Interests of the  
Students of Seattle College

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....John Murphy, A. B. '27  
Associate Editors—  
James McLaughlin, A. B. '26  
Laurence Booth, A. B. '28  
Literary Editor.....Ray Young, H. S. '25  
Sport Editor.....Bernard Monahan, A. B. '25  
Associate Sport Editors—  
Granville Egan, A. B., '27  
Charles MacGregor, H. S., '25  
Feature Editor.....Edmund O'Connor, A. B. '26  
Alumni Editor.....George Stuntz, A. B. '25  
Exchange Editor.....Earl Doyle, A. B. '27

## BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager.....Richard Reaney, H. S. '26  
Circulation Manager.....  
Jay Montgomery, H. S. '25

**MUSIC** Music is a mighty art; it not only moves the emotions but alters the will. A mere outline, enough to make the idea tangible, and an impulse is furnished and the imagination does the rest. Music moves us we know not why; we feel the tears but we cannot trace their source; its wondrous harmonies search the subtlest windings of our soul, and vibrate the delicate fibres of life, the heart strings, where memory, or compassion or awe cannot penetrate alone. It murmurs in the ear of the new-born babe and the child sleeps; a solace in old age and infirmity, it brings to memory the happy and innocent days of youth; it loosens the invalid from the rack of pain; its martial strains move the soldier to the front in battle; like balm, its sweet, sad measures soothe the throbbing ulcer of a wounded spirit.

**SIMPLICITY** The greatest men are the simplest. Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and Lincoln are our most familiar examples.

Abraham Lincoln—my true ideal of a simple and a great man! He was raised in bitter poverty; his home was the log-cabin; his floor was the common earth; his bed, the softest of the nettled hay; his light the open fireplace. He cultivated the soil with crude, home-made implements but he cultivated his mind with cruder implements yet, charcoal and shingles. Charcoal and shingles—pencil and tablet; what a transition!

His people loved him because of his very simplicity—they were tired of the diamond-decked, high-hatted politicians of the time. They saw that he was not proud or selfish. They saw in him a great president and their foresight was blest.

From log-cabin to White House his simplicity remained with him. He was not exclusive "in society" or haughty. He received old friends of his rail-splitting days, and people from all walks of life as he did princes and ambassadors. He did the simple things he promised while campaigning, and undertook greater things after the chair was his, instead of making big promises and never fulfilling them as politicians generally do.

His simple and straightforward manner of address proved that he dealt in facts and not phrases. The simple words he used expressed his profound thoughts clearly and forcibly. His simple carriage and dress, devoid of all pomp and unusual grace showed that he did not class

## THE UNBALANCED SCHOOL

"What is the trouble with our boys today?" asked a prosecuting attorney, in an interview recently published in the New York Times. "Statistics in my office show that the average age of the male criminal is twenty years. What is the reason? I am far more interested in finding out the cause than I am in punishing the criminal."

Perhaps an answer can be found in an address made some weeks ago at a school commencement by the Secretary of Labor, Mr. James J. Davis. Instancing the case of the two Chicago youths, each a college graduate, indicted in Chicago for murder, Mr. Davis criticized the modern school for its failure to give the pupil any real training in morality. It succeeded fairly well, if by success were meant its aim to give its pupils large opportunities to acquire some knowledge of a mass of facts. But on the need of righteousness, honor, sacrifice and charity, it laid little stress, while some institutions of collegiate rank actually professed to have no definite interest in, or responsibility for, the character-formation of their students. The result was "an unbalanced education and an unbalanced mind," a man who in given circumstances might be far more dangerous to society than a lunatic at large.

Yet it is the school which is forbidden by law to train the child in religion that we are asked to accept as typically and exclusively American. In an editorial published some time ago in one of the Hearst newspapers, the utterly absurd statement was made that to injure or oppose the public school was "treason." As has been shown in these pages again and again, the public school, so far from being a "typical" American institution, is a foreign importation and a growth of recent date. The schools of the Colonies which nurtured the Fathers of the Republic were private schools and religious schools. With hardly an exception, the "typical" American school of the first generation of the Republic was a school which trained its children according to a definite religious plan. Not until nearly eighty years after the Declaration of Independence did the secular school, the work of men influenced by the pagan philosophy of France and Germany, make its appearance in the United States. If this is the "American school" then the phrase has taken on some new meaning, known only to the initiate.

Probably ninety per cent of our children are now in schools from which Jesus Christ would be excluded were He to enter to teach His saving doctrine. Not one in ten of these children ever attends a church service or is enrolled in a Sunday school. Where are they to receive any instruction in religion and morality? Today sixty per cent of our people belong neither to church nor synagogue. What will the next generation bring forth? Meanwhile the crime-rate increases and boys of twenty are sentenced to the chair or the scaffold, and through it all the cry goes up that schools in which the teaching of religion is positively forbidden are the cornerstone of the Republic.

**SPRING** Today we saw a butterfly. Were that butterfly described for you—it was medium-sized, having plain brown wings with the customary pair of dots on each—you would probably see nothing out of the ordinary, nothing unusual that we should thus exclaim. True, insofar as mere description serves, you will find no reason for singling out this particular butterfly above the many others similar to it with which the air will soon be filled. And yet it was especially distinctive. It was the first butterfly of the year.

When, not so long ago, the little grey-furred pussy-willows made their appearance on the bushes in the vacant lots and along the boulevard, the seed of a thought was planted in the back of our brain. Passing through the shopping district we were struck by the sight of vivid multi-colored raiment in the show windows, and the idea commenced to take root. The first shoots of this idea came rising above the surface with the signs of increased activity among the housecleaners washing away the stains left by the winter's smoke and soot. The notion reached its budding stage when we found ourselves devouring hungrily the baseball news in the daily papers and when we beheld sandlots on every side being converted into diamonds whereon enthusiastic youth brought out bat and ball to engage again in its favorite sport. And today when we saw that little brown butterfly lazily flapping its aimless way over our head, the thought that had been growing in our mind for the past few weeks suddenly blossomed forth in ravishing splendor, and we came full upon the realization that spring is almost with us once again!

Spring above all seasons seems possessed of a peculiar mysticism with which it casts its spell on all beneath its sway. It imbues the spirit of restlessness; it affords an outlet to the pent-up energies of the confining winter. Spring's contagious influence is particularly telling upon the great brotherhood of poets who never tire of their innumerable "Odes to Spring." We all feel the call of the great outdoors, the open field, the

However, while engrossed in visions of distant scenes, one cannot afford to lose sight of the practical side. Be ever on your guard lest the spirit of restlessness become a spirit of discontent. To be sure, it would not be advisable to suppress this desire for change completely; on the other hand you will be much better fitted for the "daily grind" if you but avail yourself of the week-ends and holidays to make short trips into the country and put aside dull care for a short period at least.

Who has not experienced that infectious malady known as "spring-fever?" There is no need for dwelling at length upon that universal affliction which annually makes life miserable for teachers during the concluding months of the school year. They face a thankless task in trying to hold the attention of students whose thoughts are far afield. The atmosphere of spring, refreshing though it may be, is at the same time a hypnotic sedative inclining all to dreamy lethargy. Since there seems to be no effectual remedy for this seasoned complaint, the wisest course is to be prepared for it in advance. Seattle climate is such that breezy March and April offer excellent opportunities for studying industriously and making rapid progress in one's work before balmy May and June approach with their enervating influence. An old time-honored adage might be altered to read, "Make haste before the sun shines." Employ your time well at this stage and spring-fever will not catch you unprepared. Toil today and languish later.

**LENT IS HERE AGAIN** Lent is here again, and with the coming of Lent comes the time of self-repression. There are numerous resolutions of better behavior taken at New Year's—many of them have been long broken—but the present season is a most opportune time to renew and enforce these restraints upon ourselves for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ Who has died for us. Take advantage of this holy season and you will come out of it a better boy, a better man.

Self-restraint is the key-note. Control yourself



# OMAR'S OASIS



The southern invasion of the basketball squad was a tremendous success—the eats being enormously palatable.

\* \* \*



Bernie Monahan

This handsome duodecimo's picture was taken during the years Monahan was doing time to procure a grammar grade certificate. However "Bush" finally captured his certificate when his eighth grade teacher died and a new and inexperienced pedagogue took his place. At first the board of directors were going to appoint him poetry editor, on account of him being such a peachy left hander. Finally after a long and despairing search for talent they gradually gave him the Sports Editor's cozy chair. He ought to succeed in this chair as he has such a massive nose for news and other natural purposes. He is now a fellow contemptuous of ours and we wish him the best of luck—he will need it.

\* \* \*

"Dad" Carmody took the steak-eating contest away from "Buddy" O'Connor on the Portland trip and now holds the indoor record for the fastest time in the T-Bone steaks.

\* \* \*

"Eight-ball" Hein, inventor of laughing gas, hee-hawed himself into hysterics coming back from Portland. Egan told him that Pat Heney stopped his Cadillac in Tacoma because it was "tired."

\* \* \*

Gorman: Do you like apples?  
Burns: I do, but I have a tooth ache and I can't eat 'em now.  
Gorman: Hold these a few minutes till I get some more.

\* \* \*

The Passaic, N. J., basketball team broke down and wept when they lost their first game in many years. My! My! What will our fast quintet do when they win a game?

\* \* \*

A Short Story

(Continued next month.)

"There, little girl, don't cry:  
I'll buy you a lolly-popper."  
She turned around and lo and behold  
'Twas Edna Wallace Hopper.

\* \* \*

A man who was lonesome and blue  
For the fun of it went to Puroo;  
After one week in Lima  
He took a home steama—  
Now what is the man going to do?

\* \* \*

## Subjects for Debate

Does the Spearmint lose its flavor  
on the bedpost over night?  
What has become of Sally?  
Mike Monagle.  
The Irish Nation.

\* \* \*

One of us is going to get turned  
down this evening said the ardent  
lover to the light when he called on  
his sweetie.

\* \* \*

They say that a certain young lady  
called up "Sheik" Groseclose on the  
phone the other night and said sweetly,  
"Ith thith you, Byril? Well,  
gueth who thith ith."

\* \* \*

## History

The first barbecue took place when  
Martin Luther took the Pope's bull  
and burnt it before a church in Martin's  
own home town.

\* \* \*

## Wise Cracks

Many a self-made man knocks off  
work too soon.  
Most students who burn the midnight  
oil use gasoline.

Bernie Scholtes is practicing the  
march of the wooden soldiers since he  
got his tin sword from the Fourth Degree.

\* \* \*

## A Looney Limerick

There once was a man from Kentuck  
Who seemed to be quite out of luck;  
He ate at the Ritz,  
Had only two bits—  
They packed him off in a truck.

\* \* \*

An electrician by the name of  
Sparks was brought to the circuit  
court, charged with battery and was  
placed in a dry cell.  
Isn't that shocking!

\* \* \*

Schol: How come he's so clever at  
working cross-word puzzles?

Wit: He ought to be, he's cross-eyed.

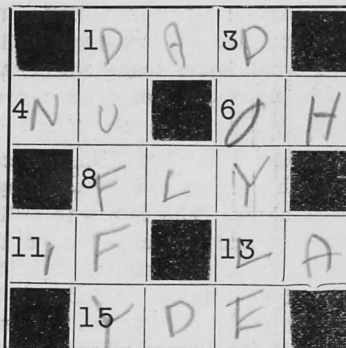
## CHAS. J. SEXTON

OPTOMETRIST  
Eversole Optical

1404 3rd Ave. Seattle, Wash.

## THE PALESTRA CROSS-WORD PUZZLE CONTEST

(Editor's Note.—The prize for the solution of this puzzle is a sugar-coated hamburger. Hand in answers to Omar, the proprietor of Omar's Oasis.—S. C.)



## VERTICAL

1. A famous pair of brothers.
3. A dizzy individual.

## HORIZONTAL

1. Nickname for the oldest and biggest member of the basketball squad.
4. Greek prefix having nothing to do with restaurants.
6. The first word of the national anthem.
8. What the fairies do.
11. How an alibi starts.
13. Suburb of Frisco (abbrev.).
16. Big league pitcher.

Capitol 3968

G. F. Massart

## NORTH BROADWAY PLUMBING & HARDWARE CO.

Plumbing and Heating

2402 10th Ave. N. Seattle, Wash.

## E. E. YOUNG

Studebaker

Automobiles

For information or demonstration  
PHONE MELROSE 1805

## Compliments of a Friend

THE NEWEST STYLES  
OF YOUNG MEN'S SHIRTS  
at

## Coast Shirt Shop

Harry Hoffman

102 Pike St. at Corner of 1st

"For Lad and Dad"

Pants, \$4.95

Pants Store Co.

1331 Third Ave.

## Ideal Electric Bakery

BAKERY GOODS OF QUALITY

Cap. 1022

10th Ave. at Miller

## The Kaufer Company

CHURCH GOODS

Main 4173

1122 Third Ave.

Seattle

## MANCA'S CAFE

108 Columbia Street

Between 1st and 2nd

Residence Phones:

J. E., East 7612 Dave, Mel. 6498

## McMullen & Co.

COAL AND WOOD  
BUILDING MATERIAL  
Sewer Pipe, Sand, Gravel, Lime  
and Cement

General Blacksmithing

Office and Bunkers:  
460 N. 34th Mel. 0028

## Middleton's Pharmacy

2409 10th Ave. North

DRUGS AT DOWNTOWN PRICES

Prescriptions Our Specialty

## Milligan & Emt

5th Ave. N. at Roy and Taylor

COAL AND WOOD

Phones Garfield 0338 and 0339

P. J. Emt, Pres. Seattle, Wn.

Ornamental Iron, Wire, Brass and  
Bronze Work

## Novelty Ornamental Iron & Wire Works

Frank J. Seidelhuber, Prop.

Office and Works: 1421 Dearborn St.  
Phone Beacon 0056—Seattle

There is no gift that is more personal  
or more appreciated than  
Your Portrait.

201 Northern Life Building

TO AN OLD FRIEND

Call Ell. 2575 for An Appointment

## Young & Cogswell

## Compliments

of

A Friend

Genuine Roller Canaries

Trained Singers—Also Females

Isabel Scanlon

East 5055

Get a Schol-Wil Cap  
and Be in Style

The Cap for the College Man



:-: :-:

## LITERARY GLEANINGS

:-: :-:

## The New Munchausen

Laurence S. Booth, Jr.

My career at dear old Seattle College was just one long succession of thrilling adventures. I regret now that I did not keep a diary during those exciting years, for the day on which I experienced no extraordinary escape from death or performed no hair-raising act of heroism, was rare indeed. The years have befogged my memory and stolen from my pen some of the glowing ardor of youth, but I shall attempt to set down as best I am able, a few of my exploits at Seattle College.

I remember particularly well the occasion on which I fell head-first through the ice that forms in the winter-time inside of the bulkhead in Portage Bay. It was during my first year of high school and Father Garrihan had offered a prize for the best composition written about the rarest specimen of butterfly that we could find. I set about to win that prize and I determined to secure a very rare specimen. I wanted to get one that would be at least as large as my hand, would have all the colors of the rainbow, and would be living, in the middle of winter, inside of a hornets' nest at the top of a sycamore tree. Such a butterfly, I felt sure, would be quite rare enough to suit my purpose.

So, with this idea in mind, I looked about for a sycamore tree. I found one growing out of the frozen waters of Portage Bay; and to this I betook myself. The intense cold—the temperature was well below zero—rendered the climbing very difficult, especially since the limbs were slippery with ice and my numb fingers could not get a firm grip. However, I finally gained the top and found the hornets' nest. This I opened, and there, sure enough, was my butterfly. It was a "eupatorium ptilovorhynchus."

I was about to take it up when it awoke from its lethargy and flew away. Loath to lose my hard-earned prize, I dove after the winged beauty, captured it in mid-air, and continued speedily in a general earthward direction in obedience to the ever-present law of gravity. I struck the ice with my head and, needless to mention, the ice gave way, plunging my unhappy self into the frigid and filthy depths. Here the butterfly, which I still clutched, came to my assistance. Flapping its wings vigorously, it propelled me with ever-increasing speed through the water, but always under the frozen surface. After five or ten minutes of this I finally came up into a small dungeon, dark, save for a few shafts of light that entered through a round checkered surface above. Pushing this away I climbed up and was surprised to discover that I was emerging from a man-hole on Boyer Avenue. From there I trudged up to the College where, after put-

ting the butterfly in my locker, I climbed into the furnace, shut the door after me and went sound asleep. I was awakened when Mr. Spiro, the janitor, came to put more coal on the fire. I went home then, warm and dry, and none the worse for my experience.

On another occasion I escaped certain death only by some exceedingly quick thinking. The rain was falling in torrents and the city was in the throes of an intense storm. Blinding flashes of lightning were followed by deafening peals of thunder. I was studying in the library when I looked out of the window and beheld the American flag, high on its pole, drenched by the rain, and exposed to the full fury of the raging gale. My sense of patriotism was aroused. I could not bear to see my country's flag thus at the mercy of the elements. Hatless, I rushed from the building, seized the rope, and commenced to lower the flag. Chub, the dog, loyal as ever, ran up to assist me. Standing on his hind legs, with his forepaws he helped me pull the rope. The flag was halfway down when I noticed a shaft of lightning start to strike the flag. Realizing, in that split second, that the flag and the rope to which it was attached were soaking wet and that, if the lightning were to strike the flag while I continued to hold the rope, the full electrical charge would be conducted to my body, I immediately withdrew my hands from the rope. I escaped but Chub was struck dead on the spot. A hole about one inch in diameter and singed around the edges was found in the flag's blue field, indicating the spot through which the lightning had pierced. We wrapped this flag about the body of poor old faithful Chub and buried him the following day.

A strange thing happened at that funeral. We were burying him at the spot where he fell—beneath the flagpole which we had expected to serve as a monument to the memory of this patriotic dog. But I had contracted a violent cold in the storm of the previous day and during the funeral ceremony I coughed with such force that I blew down the flagpole. A small stump, then, was all that remained as a tombstone.

But perhaps my most spectacular adventure occurred out at Denny Field in the midst of a football game between Seattle College and Columbia University of Portland. I was cashier at the box-office on that day, and since the crowd was the largest ever assembled to witness a football contest in Seattle, a large amount of money had been taken in at the gate. I had just finished collecting the receipts and tying them up in money-bags, when I was commanded to throw up my hands and I looked up directly into the muzzle of a revolver. Of course I did not raise my hands as others less courageous than I would have done, but seized the ban-

## COLLEGE TRAVELS TO PORTLAND

(Continued from page 2.)

moral and physical supporters by five more. After all the necessary formalities of welcoming were attended to, the College gang sounded the dinner hour and all of us (with the exception of those who had previously attended a boarding school) repaired to the festive board where a goodly meal was set before the ravenous travelers. After satisfying the various appetites as best they could, and voicing their sentiments of the copious culinary capacities of the Sisters who had prepared the meal, we said grace and took to our various beds to rest before changing baskets with Columbia.

At an appropriate hour we arose and sardined ourselves into the machines and took off for town. The game was to be played at Hibernia Hall and a hall of this name would logically be found in the toughest section of town, so to protect ourselves we took all movable parts into the hall. After the game the boys motored to The Hazelwood, one of the best ice cream resorts in Portland, and after making merry with the modest young waitresses we put away several of the establishment's extra specials and upon paying the bill we were permitted to leave. As the hour was nigh on to 11:30 p. m. we went directly to Columbia where we were tucked into our beds and requested to "pipe down" for the remainder of the night.

About 7:30 a. m. Mr. Alphonse Fi-

dit's wrist and wrenched the gun from him. A terrific encounter ensued in which no one came to my rescue, all others being interested in the game. After a desperate struggle, I was overcome by the greater strength of the bandit who swept up the money-bags and ran. Recovering quickly, I followed after him. The chase led out onto the playing field. It was the last quarter and the College was defending a precarious three-point lead. At this moment a Columbia halfback broke away and sped toward the goal line with a clear field before him. An interloper had thrown the College safety man out of bounds. I perceived all this as I came running onto the field in pursuit of the fleeing thief. As I passed the referee, I reported for the safety man who had been thrown outside of the field, and continued my chase. At the five-yard line I made a great flying tackle and brought down both the bandit and the Columbia halfback. Just then the timeer's pistol ended the game. The College had won and the money was saved! That night the players elected me captain of the football team and Mayor Brown appointed me Chief of Police. I modestly declined both offices.

ori, the sexton of Columbia, came and announced in a melodious voice that breakfast would be served at 8 o'clock and that all should attend. A few of the boys again remained away and consequently missed another good meal. After satisfying our various appetites we journeyed around the campus, inspecting the golf course and the large outdoor gymnasium and returned to the dormitory. Several, in fact all, of the boys went to town in various manners, some on the street cars, others in boats and the others in autos. Portland, being a city composed largely of that race of people who keep the Saturday, therefore offered no excitement and at 3 p. m. we "pulled freight" for Mt. Angel some 40 or 45 miles southward.

Arriving at Mt. Angel, a most beautiful group of buildings, located in a setting of real beauty on the top of a towering hill which can be seen for about five miles in the distance, we were shown the gym, which is a very good one at that, introduced to the boys and fathers, and in a short time were set before a meal that would make any housewife or chef jealous. Mr. Dunne of course had to sit with the Rev. Fathers and enjoyed his stew, while the rest of the squad were treated to steak, spuds, bread, butter, beans, preserved cherries, tea or milk, pickles and cookies. If that isn't some meal for a boarding school, kindly write to the editor and tell him what else could be added. After eating we visited a few of the rooms and then were taken to the dressing rooms where the boys stripped themselves of their civilians and exchanged them for their athletic togs.

After the game three of the machines left for Portland while eight of the fellows, including our coach, remained at the school. The rooms were of the same excellence as was the food and the boys slept well under a covering of six or more blankets. Manager Stuntz, with a dozen covers, sweated the whole night. "Dad" Carmody tossed restlessly all night long, the occasion being his first night so far away from home. "Turkey" Hein, or 8-ball as he is referred to, fell out of bed trying to play trickery on Peg Duffy. Omar O'Connor enjoyed his sleep, on account of him having such a peachy bum ear.

In the morning the boys heard a special Mass by Father Rector at which Coach Kashberger served while Mr. Dunne had the pleasure of hearing the Abbot's Mass. A sumptuous breakfast was again set forth and "Dad" Carmody again distinguished himself by eating more than his share. O'Connor did not feel so good on the trip and "Dad" easily took his place as per regards eating. After a short visit through the school and campus,

(Continued on page 8.)



# SPORTS

## College Loses to Mt. Angel, 22 to 11

### Lack of Condition Wallops Clan

Seattle College finished their road trip with the sloppiest played contest of the season. In Mt. Angel they met a team who, man for man, could not compare with them, and yet the Panthers allowed themselves to be ignominiously trampled over by an inferior team. The Mountaineers were in perfect condition and consequently they had all the fight in the world. They must have had it all because the Panthers didn't have any. The moment the first whistle sounded the Angels showed a pep and dash that can come only with the pink of condition.

Mr. Dunne, seeking for the best working combination, again started a different lineup. McKay was moved up to forward and McLaughlin took his place at guard, while Carmody started in the place of Glenn.

Spears, the Mountaineers' captain, started the scoring with a well-directed shot from the side, but "Dad" Carmody rose from the floor and tied the score. Three times this little fellow, who ordinarily should be on the Juniors, tied up the score for his larger teammates, but one man cannot really outscore five, so consequently Mt. Angel pulled rapidly ahead. One of "Dad's" shots was from the center of the floor, and in the long Mt. Angel gym, that is something to brag about.

The half ended with the score 11-8 in favor of Mt. Angel, and the second half was a repetition of the preceding game: the opponents simply piled up the baskets. The last part of the contest degenerated into nothing more or less than a shooting contest, first one team would shoot at the basket, and then the other would try their luck, evidently the Mountaineers having caught the spirit of their opponents.

Otjen, Schrader and Spears were the big stars for the Oregonians. This Schrader is the kind of a player who will do damage against any team, and played the best game on the floor.

For the College, O'Connor and Carmody were as prominent as the nasal appendage on a Hebrew's face. They were the whole team, both offensively and defensively, Carmody did the shooting while O'Connor kept the Mountaineers' score at a respectable figure.

There was no excuse this time and the reason was the same as it has been for the past four games: lack of condition.

One thing can be said in excuse of them, and that is, that the student body has shown by their poor attendance at the games that they don't take much interest in the teams. No one can reasonably expect the team to have their whole heart and soul in winning games for us if we don't

## EARL DOYLE IS NEW CAPTAIN OF TEAM

The playing of Earl Doyle has been one of the bright spots of a rather drab season. On his last year's work he figured to be a substitute on this year's varsity; but his last year's work was one thing and this year's was something altogether different. Before the season was half-way over he had beat out Ralph Ferrendini, the captain, for the center position; and when "Dini" left school Doyle was chosen to fill the vacant captain's berth. Under Doyle's leadership the team scored its first win of the regular season over Spokane College.

When Columbia came north they put two men on Doyle. They figured that at least two men would be needed to guard the man who could oust "Dini" from the tip-off position. But it didn't work, as he was the outstanding player of the game despite their precautions.

Doyle has two years of varsity competition still before him and he figures to become one of the best players in the city. More power to him; his spirit and his play have been an inspiration and it is to be sincerely hoped that he will communicate it to the other members of the team for the last game of the season, the Mt. Angel game, on March 7. But whether he does or not, give full credit to the man whose enthusiasm and steady work have done so much to help the team.

come to the games and watch them play. So you see, fellow members of the A. S. S. C., there is something to be said on both sides of this matter. Both of us had a duty to fulfill and neither one of us has done his best. Now there is no use in bewailing the games that have been lost, they are by-gones and let them remain so, but we of the student body can resolve that as far as we are concerned each coming contest will find us enthroned in the palace of King Fan, and then the team can no longer paint the accusing finger at us and truthfully say, "Why should we play hard for you when you don't care whether we win or not?"

College		Mt. Angel
Carmody	-----F-----	Keeber
McKay	-----F-----	Schrader
Doyle	-----C-----	Otjen
O'Connor	-----G-----	Spears
McLaughlin	-----G-----	Hardin

**Mt. Angel Here  
on March 7  
Be There!**

## SPORT SPOTLIGHT

Well, men, the Columbia game was sure a mean tussle. Although the College came out on the short end of the score we made the Portlanders realize that they had been in a game.

\* \* \*

Dizzy Doyle, the leaping tuna, covered himself with glory in last Saturday's fracas. His fight and pep kept the rest of his teammates going at top speed, and his flashy floor game was the feature of the evening.

\* \* \*

Art Duffy played a nice game against Columbia. Now that he is mastering the intricacies of team play he is going to make the College one of the best forwards they have ever had. Along with Tommy Glenn they are making a forward combination that will be hard to beat.

\* \* \*

Tom Duffy's middle name should be grit. Tom entered the game with Columbia with a wrenched knee and played a steady game. Later in the game the injured member was again hurt and he was forced to retire. Although the doctor told him he would probably be out for the rest of the year, Tom is counting the days until he can get back in harness again. That's real school spirit.

\* \* \*

When Greek meets Greek has nothing on when Irish meets Irish. The Columbia game was one of the hardest fought contests ever staged on the K. C. floor, yet when the smoke of battle had lifted the players on the respective teams had a little get-together party and talked over old times.

\* \* \*

There have been some great falls in the history of the world: the fall of Rome, the fall of Troy, and the fall of paganism are numbered among the greatest, but the spectacular fall of our diminutive guard, McKay, eclipses them all. But unlike the former he arose to fight again.

\* \* \*

Thomas Glenn, the blonde Adonis, was much in evidence in the Columbia game and in spite of the vigilance of the Columbia guards, succeeded in tossing some mean baskets.

\* \* \*

We take great pleasure in extending to Omar O'Connor, our esteemed contemporary, our heartiest congratulations for the admirable manner in which he conducted himself in last Saturday's contest. Although he was—and still is—encumbered with a superfluity of adipose tissue, nevertheless he cavorted with agility and dash, much to the delight of the feminine contingent.

## Columbia Defeats College, 33 to 30

### Fastest Game of Year Goes to Visitors

By the Reviewer

It was the snarl of the wounded Panther. With his back to the wall, with teeth and claws bared, in desperation he flung caution to the winds and hurled his lithe body at the throat of his powerful opponent. The assailant drew back in fear and surprise, and for a moment the heroic beast towered over his amazed adversary. But only for a moment. The majestic Lion, insulted at the affront of his smaller opponent, with two strokes of his mighty paw, ended for a time the aspirations of a dauntless Panther.

Folks, it was a wonderful fight. Those Lions from the jungles of the Columbia came up to our regions with all the power and confidence of their kingly namesakes. And they were met by the "fightiest" bunch of Panthers that it was ever their misfortune to run into.

To come to the concrete it was indeed a grand game. Nip and tuck from whistle to whistle. And though it was a tough one to lose, it must have been sweet to win.

Captain Murphy, Columbia's Scan dinavian guard, figured most prominently for his team both on the offensive and defensive. Besides amassing a most prominent 12 of their 33 points, his checking of the meteoric Doyle was at times very effective.

Trying to pick a star on the Panther aggregation is like trying to name the most beautiful girl in Ziegfeld's Follies. It can't be done. Doyle had his shooting eye keyed up to perfection, and in the matter of baskets, "Lo!" his name led all the rest."

But it was the fierce checking of the three guardsmen that made the game what it was. Tom Duffy, playing on an injured leg, gave all that was in him until he had to be helped from the floor. McKay, slight of physique and strong of heart, clung to the red-thatched Quirk so closely that that worthy was forced to do most of his shooting from the middle of the floor, and lucky to get the chance. A savage checking game! That sentence best describes the brand of ball that was played by Omar O'Connor. Some of the rail birds claim that Ed can't lay 'em down and pick 'em up as fast as he used to; however, the old boy managed to keep a couple of jumps ahead of the notoriously fleet-footed Lions.

In keeping with the policy of The Palestra, we were able, by the purchase of a new invention called the pencillograph, to secure for our readers a complete story of the game. This was done at great expense, but it is the system of The Palestra to give the news in the best manner obtainable, regardless of cost.

(Continued on page 8.)



## Columbia College Defeats Varsity

(Continued from page 7.)

Murphy started the scoring with a foul. Art Duffy, not be outdone, dropped in two fouls. Glenn came through with a nicely timed shot.

Murphy tied it up; Columbia 4, Seattle 4. Doyle dropped one in under the basket; Columbia 4, Seattle 6. Vaughn knotted the score again; Columbia 6, Seattle 6. Tom Duffy sank a long one; Columbia 6, Seattle 8. Doyle dribbled half the floor and ended with a perfect jump shot; Columbia 6, Seattle 10. Glenn followed up on one of Tom Duffy's long tries, and added two more points to the College; Columbia 6, Seattle 12. Sweeney tipped a try under the basket; Columbia 8, Seattle 12. Logan was successful on a long shot; Columbia 10, Seattle 12. Quirk evened things making it 12 apiece. Doyle gave the College back the lead on a shot from the center of the floor; Columbia 12, Seattle 14. Doyle converted two free throws; Columbia 12, Seattle 16. Tom Duffy on a nice pass from Glenn rang up two more; Columbia 12, Seattle 18. Sweeney got another under the basket; Columbia 14, Seattle 18. Murphy converted two fouls as the whistle blew. The score at the end of the first half was Columbia 16, Seattle College 18.

Quirk started things going in the second half by dropping one in from the center of the floor and tying up the game; Columbia 18, Seattle 18. Here Tom Duffy injured his bad knee and had to be helped off the floor. Quirk put Columbia ahead with a short shot, one of the few times he was able to shoot inside the foul line; Columbia 20, Seattle 18. Murphy shot a foul; Columbia 21, Seattle 18. Art Duffy looped one through; Columbia 21, Seattle 20. Logan caged a short one; Columbia 23, Seattle 20. McKay shot a foul; Columbia 23, Seattle 21. Murphy got another basket; Columbia 25, Seattle 21. Sweeney caged a free throw; Columbia 26, Seattle 21. Vaughn sent in a short one; Columbia 28, Seattle 21. Murphy crashed the score book for two more points. The score was now Columbia 30, Seattle College 21, and respite the croakings that Columbia "had found the range," they were destined to sit back awhile and watch the ball roll around their own basket. Ferrandini was sent in for Doyle. Immediately he scored on a pretty pass from Glenn; Columbia 30, Seattle 23. Glenn slipped a short one through the hoop; Columbia 30, Seattle 25. McKay passed to Ferrandini under the basket; Columbia 30, Seattle 27. Doyle came in for McKay. The stands went in an uproar when Doyle caged one from the middle of the floor; Columbia 30, Seattle 29. At this juncture Columbia took time out and Seattle was given a penalty shot. Ferrandini, due to the master mind of "Omar," made the tying point. A splendid fight indeed, the Panther and the Lion. But though the Panther made a glorious fight, fate wooed the roaring Lion, and Vaughn with a flip of his wrist, dropped in the heartbreking shot that

## Indoor League In Full Swing

Accompanied by the best weather of the year and the beautiful singing of the campus sea gulls, the indoor league of Seattle College made an auspicious start.

Six teams, containing the pride and joy of each room, are struggling together to capture the name Champions and are fighting fiercely for the feed that goes with it. Basketball has been plactically set aside for Spring's latest attraction, and the loop stars themselves are swinging at elusive baseballs amidst the shouts of their mates.

At the present Third A shows the most promise of bringing to themselves the championship, for many of her members are adepts in the soft ball department. Joe Logan at short, a very clever young man, gives the boys lessons in how to pick them up out of the dirt, and besides all this he packs a mean wallop that has accounted for many a base hit. Paul Kaiser, out in left field, isn't so bad himself. Very few flies get by this much-bewhiskered performer, and in common with most of his teammates, he, too, gathers unto himself a few of the desired hits.

The other classes line up very favorably and give great promise of soon usurping the present titleholders from their throne. Second A, Second B, First, Third B, and Fourth Highs all have their luminaries and need but the necessary practice and team work to give a good account of themselves.

Then, in the arbiter department we have "Eagle Eye," or "Never Wrong" Gorman, who is budding into an umpire de luxe, and rumor has it that Billy Evans is about to give up his job in favor of a better man.

On the whole, the indoor league is a great success. Every team fights hard and fiercely, and as the old saying goes, "Every team that wins knows that it has been in a battle."

meant the game. As the final whistle blew Murphy converted a free throw. But why add that? The victorious monarch walked off with head held high. The vanquished Panther retreated to his lair, there to nurse his wounds until another chance would come.

Lineup:

Columbia		Seattle College
Vaughn	-----F-----	Art Duffy
Quirk	-----F-----	Glenn
Sweeney	-----C-----	Doyle
Logan	-----G-----	McKay
Murphy	-----G-----	Tom Duffy

Substitutions: Columbia—Sisk for Quirk; Quirk for Vaughn; Vaughn for Sisk. Seattle—Ferrandini for Doyle; O'Connor for T. Duffy; Doyle for McKay; McKay for Art Duffy.

## Varsity Travels To Portland

(Continued from page 6.)

personally conducted by Coach Karsberger himself, the boys were led to the wine cellar, printing concern, post-office and museum. The two-headed calf attracted Omar's attention, while the hand-carved church appealed to Mr. Dunne; the "Siamese" calves held us all spellbound and the bugs and insects "got" O'Connor.

Leaving Mt. Angel at 10 a. m. Sunday, we met the two other machines in Portland where we lunched and left for home at 3 p. m. Carmody kept insisting on eating and to satisfy him we stopped three times. All in all the trip itself was good, excluding the actual games themselves.

## Sport Spotlight

Dizzy Doyle, the dashing, daring, dauntless demon, has been elected to the captaincy of the basketball team for the remainder of the season.

The new captain's rise to fame puts to shame Horatio Alger at his best. At the start of the season Doyle was merely one of the squad, then he won a regular position at guard, next on account of his fine shooting he was moved to the center position and lo and behold, we find him enthroned in the highest place, and all in one year.

Future events to remember: The elocation contest for the High School, the oratorical contest for the College. They will be held after Lent.

# Anadel Production

at

## Holy Names Auditorium

on

# March 15<sup>th</sup>, 16<sup>th</sup>, 17<sup>th</sup>

First Night

for

**BENEFIT OF SEATTLE COLLEGE**

**MOTHERS' CLUB**

**OTHER TWO FOR ST. PATRICK'S**

**PARISH**

## College Fellows, Be There!